Don’t Take Love Off the Table Yet

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Don’t Take Love Off the Table Yet

by Rachello344

Summary

Alastor asks Vox to join him in experimenting with various kinks to satisfy his curiosity—Vox seems to dominate the other Vees, but there’s something off that draws Alastor’s attention. Vox knows he should refuse, but he’s never been able to ignore an opportunity to get closer to Alastor.

Notes

The “daddy kink” fic I promised you all! It ended up about twice as long as I thought it would be, but it needed build up to make the kinks hit correctly. ;D

I hope you all enjoy!!

Alastor leaned back in his chair, watching as his fellow Overlords filed in and took their seats one by one. Shockingly, Vox and his cohorts were not just all in attendance for a change, but were in fact early.

Vox took the seat across from him, followed by Velvette and Valentino, forcing the skeleton and the dinosaur to take their seats on Rosie's other side or else sit beside the pimp. Carmilla and Zestial sat at the head of the table, of course, with her daughters taking the first seats.

As everyone gathered papers and finished their quiet conversations, Alastor decided to watch Vox. It had been some time since he'd spent a whole meeting observing him, and Alastor found he'd missed the activity.

Vox glanced at him once, but aside from a momentary glitch on his screen, he pretended not to notice Alastor's attention.

Alastor kept half an ear on the proceedings, but otherwise paid little attention to the official goings on. The topic of today's meeting had little to do with him or the hotel, or else he might consider participating more seriously.

Unless Rosie needed an assist, he'd likely spend most of the meeting silent.

Vox, of course, was giving a speech, periodically interrupted by one of his Vees. He gracefully ceded the floor to them to make their points, before giving Carmilla space for a rebuttal.

As Carmilla spoke, though, Vox shot a spark at the back of Velvette's hand. He gave a firm shake of his head, and if Alastor's ears didn't deceive him, he murmured, "Behave yourself," under his breath.

Alastor raised his eyebrows.

"Yes, *Dad*," Velvette returned, dripping with petulance.

Vox rolled his eyes, but kept his attention otherwise focused on Carmilla.

When Valentino pulled his phone out, obviously checking out of the meeting, Vox did something, a spark slithering down the phone, that made Valentino glare. He set his phone down with a loud noise, but whatever the message, it was received.

"Are they always like this?" Alastor murmured to Rosie during a lull.

"The Vees? Yes, Vox spends a lot of the meeting keeping them in line when they all bother to show up." She shot him a sly smile. "Velvette attending by herself was a surprise. Normally Vox comes alone. I wonder why he skipped."

Alastor smiled wider. "Yes, how curious."

When he looked back, Vox met his eyes again, screen glitching once more. Resolutely, though, he kept his focus throughout the meeting, and somehow or other, they actually made progress, even with the two younger Vees there to cause problems.

Listening to Vox, and watching the way he acted, there was something… Out of place. His shoulders were straight, unlike the slouch Alastor remembered from when they were friends, and he maintained eye contact with Carmilla without flinching.

His first eye contact with Zestial, he did flinch, but that much was normal with the demon who embodied fear himself. Even Alastor's smile strained whenever he met Zestial again, however briefly.

Vox's smile was broad and confident, and his eyes were sharp and alert. He clearly missed nothing from the other Overlords. Although, Vox never quite met Alastor's eyes. Not for long, anyway.

And of course, whenever his cohorts stepped over the line, he pulled them back into place by the scruff. Metaphorically speaking, anyway. By all accounts, if Alastor wasn't mistaken, he was watching something like what Angel had recently called "non-sexual domination," but it was… off.

Alastor tilted his head, scanning Vox for whatever it might be amidst his various mannerisms. He was certain Vox was the key to this entertaining little mystery; he just needed to unravel it.

Or maybe he needed to unravel Vox.

"This meeting is hereby adjourned," Carmilla announced. "We'll circle back on what we've discussed in one month."

Everyone began to clear out one by one. As most of the attendees left, Vox quietly scolded his cohorts, voice low and stern, every inch the disciplinarian.

Alastor felt a tiny thrill of interest sparking in his gut.

Rosie shot him a curious look, but when she saw where he was still looking she sighed lightly. "I'll make my own way home, then, shall I?"

"I'll make it up to you, my dear." Alastor shot her a wink. "You know I'm good for it."

She laughed. "Yes, yes. Have fun, dearie."

"Vox, old pal, can I speak with you privately for a moment?" Alastor asked, leaning on one hand. He'd need to bait his trap correctly, or Vox would never agree to play with him. What was the right way to lure him in…?

"What?" Vox frowned, nerves briefly crossing his face before he forced his smile back up. "I mean—of course. Velvette, make sure Val goes straight home. I don't want a turf war starting just because he found some hot new thing he's not allowed to have."

“Fuck you,” Valentino snapped.

“Will do, V,” Velvette said, brightly. She stuck her tongue out at Valentino. “Maybe don’t be such a slut, and Business Daddy would trust you more,” she taunted.

“I’m in my *thirties*,” Vox muttered.

But Velvette and Valentino ignored his objection in favor of wandering out, still arguing about whether Velvette was “slut shaming” or if Valentino deserved it.

“Well? What did you want?” Vox asked as the door shut. His tone was confident, but compared to how he spoke to Valentino and Velvette, it sounded as forced as his smile.

Alastor tilted his head to one side, eyeing Vox thoughtfully. There really was something, but Alastor couldn’t put his finger on it. Something odd. Something interesting.

“Listen, asshole, if you’re just going to waste my time—” Vox blustered, screen coloring.

Alastor liked that reaction, but it wouldn’t do to rile him up so soon. “I find myself… curious,” he said carefully.

Vox’s brow furrowed, his smile dropping ever so slightly. “About what?”

Alastor tapped the table as he worded his reply. “Your Vees. They’re… quite the handful, aren’t they.” It wasn’t a question.

Vox’s strained grin warped into a grimace before pulling back up at the edges. An admirable attempt to be sure, one Alastor could respect. “Nothing I can’t handle,” he dismissed. “They know who’s in charge of this business arrangement.” He sounded smug, pleased with himself. Alastor felt that tug of interest once more.

“You, I take it?” Alastor asked, baiting.

Vox’s smile turned genuine. He would make a terrible poker player, the poor thing. “Well it is *my* company.” Vox preened. “I’d be a piss poor CEO if I couldn’t even keep my coworkers in line.”

“Of course,” Alastor agreed, all teeth. “What a… domineering young man capitalism has made you into. You were so different when I knew you.”

Vox’s screen glitched sharply, unfriendly smile finally falling from his face. “Cut to the chase Alastor,” he snapped. “What the fuck do you want?”

Alastor peered at him for a moment, satisfied with the way he was shifting, fidgeting, like he was forcing himself to be still while under scrutiny. “You know Angel Dust, don’t you?”

Vox looked at him like he’d just grown a second head. “Val’s whore?” he asked, incredulous. “Yeah, obviously.”

“Angel talks a lot about bonds through bondage and daddies and the like,” Alastor waved a dismissive hand, but caught the way Vox’s face grew staticky at his words. “It’s only that I’ve been wondering what he meant, and watching you today, I believe you were doing some of what he’s described. Weren’t you?”

Vox blinked. “I, uh. I guess so?” He coughed. “I mean, yeah, some of what I was doing could technically fall into domination, of a sort.” He leaned forward, eyes narrowed. “So… what exactly are you asking me?”

“Will you show me? I’d like… a more personal demonstration.”

Vox’s screen glitched worse than before. When his expression clarified, he was blushing. “You—You want me to d-d-dominate you?”

“Yes, I’d like you to try,” Alastor agreed brightly. “Will you do it?”

Vox scanned his face, anxiety plain as day. “This isn’t some kind of—of trick? It’s not some twisted surprise attack?”

“Of course not.” Alastor huffed. “I give you my word; should you agree, I will not use this learning opportunity against you.”

Vox bit his lip. “And it’s one time?”

“To start. If we both enjoy it, we can discuss doing it again.” Alastor shrugged. “I’m flexible.”

Vox swallowed, eyes darting away.

Alastor waited patiently, watching the thoughts cross Vox’s face, flush deepening as he considered the implications and potential of this arrangement. Vox’s fixation on him could only ever work in Alastor’s favor, especially for something like this.

Vox couldn’t refuse, not when there was no downside for him, and the potential to continue beyond the first time was left open for discussion.

Vox looked back up. “Okay. Where? When?”

Hook, line, sinker.

Alastor smiled, letting the expression turn warm. “If you’re free? Now. We can slip into my room at the hotel with no one the wiser.”

Vox nodded. “Then let’s go.” He stood up and rounded the table, like he was worried he would lose his nerve with any delay.

Alastor stood and summoned a portal back home, holding out a hand. When Vox took it, Alastor led the way through the portal and into his living room.

Vox looked around, eyes wide. “It hasn’t changed as much as I’d expected.”

“Of course not,” Alastor said mildly. “I’ve only added a few new keepsakes, if I’m not mistaken.”

“And taken some down,” Vox mused.

Alastor hummed, noncommittal. Vox was certainly looking for the photo they’d taken together decades ago. If he behaved himself well, Alastor might even let him find it.

“So, what exactly do you want?” Vox asked. “Like, specifically?”

Alastor gestured for Vox to follow him back, leading the way to his bedroom. “I’d like you to try to dominate me. Perhaps get me on my knees, that sort of thing. But I should warn you, I won’t obey if I don’t feel compelled to.”

Vox leaned against his doorway, frowning as he thought that over. “Anything I’m not allowed to do?”

Alastor gave it due consideration. “No sexual contact until submission has occurred.”

“But sexual contact is on the table?”

“It is.”

Vox bit his lip. “And… I can use force?”

“You can. I don’t think you should need to, but you can.” Alastor smiled. “You can even try your little hypno trick.”

Vox’s eyebrows rose. “And you won’t smash my eye in for trying it?”

“Not today, no.” Alastor folded his hands behind his back with an easy smile, anticipation spiking. Vox’s reactions were so interesting; no matter what happened, this was sure to be a thoroughly entertaining afternoon.

Vox nodded, loosening his tie, a brief wash of static passing over his face. “Okay, right, yeah. How do you want to—I mean, fuck—how should I start?”

“I was under the impression that those kinds of decisions were largely your purview. Was I wrong?” Alastor raised his eyebrows.

“Fuck, right, um.” Vox straightened, setting his shoulders as though he were bracing himself. He lifted his chin. “Sit on the bed?”

“Are you asking?” Alastor laughed once. “No, I don’t think I will.”

Vox took a step closer, his hypnotic eye swirling. Alastor let it catch his attention, and it *was* compelling, for all that was worth, but even as he watched the spiral, Vox’s words held the same weight as before: “Sit down.”

Alastor smiled wider. “No,” he purred.

Vox grit his teeth. Oh, this *was* fun. No wonder people played these games with each other!

Alastor held his hand out. "Come now, you only need to do to me what you do to your little pets, or—could it be they're not as obedient as they seem? Perhaps their training leaves something to be desired, hm?"

Vox growled, cheeks flushed neon even as his face glitched every few moments. He stormed closer, backing Alastor up to his bed and pushing him down.

Alastor let him, and continued to watch the spiral for him.

"Behave," he growled, but his eyes kept darting away, as though he couldn't maintain eye contact, even when Alastor was sitting down.

"You can do better than that, darling." Alastor grinned. "*Make me*."

Vox held him by the shoulders and leaned in close. "*Don't move*," he snapped, and finally there was a bit of power behind his words. Not enough, unfortunately, but something Alastor could see compelling a weaker soul.

Alastor stood and stepped into Vox's space, pursuing him as he took a startled step back. He pressed a hand over Vox's sternum; his pulse beat like a rabbit, fast and fearful.

"What's wrong, darling? I thought you knew what you were doing. Surely Velvette and Valentino give you at least as much trouble as I have?" Alastor leaned closer, and Vox averted his eyes, the hypnotic spiral vanishing.

The truth was sometimes a simple thing, Alastor thought. Perhaps that was what he found so compelling, watching Vox with his Vees. Not the apparent dominance itself, but how poorly it hung on Vox's shoulders.

Alastor caught Vox by the bottom of his screen and forced his eyes back to his own. "Look at me," Alastor ordered.

Vox's eyes held there, panic clear on his face.

Alastor grinned. "Why don't we try something else, hm?"

"What?"

"How about I give it a try?" Alastor kept their faces close, even as Vox struggled to look away again. "That's only fair, don't you think?"

"I don't—Um."

"I do," Alastor decided. He brushed his thumb below Vox's lip. "*Kneel*," he commanded.

Vox's legs buckled beneath him. When he looked up, his eyes were wide and stunned, his screen glitching and staticky both. Alastor licked his lips.

“Good boy.”

Vox sucked in a sharp breath. “What—Alastor, I—”

“Hush,” Alastor said. He walked backward to the bed and sat down, legs spread. He pointed to the space in front of him. “Come here.”

Vox planted one hand on the ground like he intended to stand. Alastor shook his head sharply.

“No. I did not say you could stand.” Alastor narrowed his eyes. “Now come *here*.”

Vox whimpered. Even so, he remained kneeling and then, incredibly, instead of simply shuffling forward, Vox *crawled* to kneel between Alastor’s legs on his hands and knees. He kept his head lowered, screen bright with his embarrassment.

“No resistance?” Alastor asked. He leaned down, eyes sharp on Vox’s expressive face. “You don’t intend to fight me? Are you *choosing* to submit to me?”

Vox looked down again. His hands clenched in the fabric of his pants. He nodded once.

“I want you to say it,” Alastor said. “Look me in the eye, and tell me. Out loud.”

Vox sucked in a sharp breath, a tremor running through his frame. His antennae sparked once. He squirmed in place, but finally lifted his face. “I submit,” he said, voice only just audible.

Not a great showing, but good for his first time, Alastor decided. “Well done,” he praised. “Now then, how should I reward you?”

Vox startled slightly, his screen going hazy. “Um, what?”

Alastor held his screen, tilting it up toward him. “What do you want as a reward?”

“I, um,” Vox blinked hard like he was trying to wake himself back up.

“Tell me what you want,” Alastor insisted.

“I wanna suck your dick,” Vox blurted with visible embarrassment bordering on shame. Poor thing. “Please.”

“Politeness is a good touch,” Alastor praised, “but do you really think you’ve done enough to earn the right to have my dick in any capacity?”

Vox’s screen was obscured by a thick wave of static. He shook his head, meek and subdued.

Alastor licked his lips. Yes, this was *very* fun. “But you *do* deserve a reward, so how about this?” He stroked the bottom of Vox’s screen. “I’ll let you come.”

Vox reached for his crotch at once; Alastor gripped his screen tighter. Vox froze, hand just above the obscene bulge in his pants.

“I did not say you may use your hands.”

Vox’s brow furrowed. “I—but you said that I could—I don’t understand?”

“You may make yourself come,” Alastor said. “You may not use your hands.” He released his screen and leaned back, looking down on him as though he were a particularly amusing pet. “You’re a clever boy. You’ll figure it out.”

Another spark shot off his antennae, and Vox’s screen turned a soft pink. He swayed where he was kneeling, thoughts visibly racing.

Vox scooted closer until he was sitting on Alastor’s boot.

Alastor let Vox see his approval on his face, his smile as warm and open as he ever allowed it to get.

Vox bit his lip and curled an arm around Alastor’s leg before he finally began to move his hips. Reduced to little more than an animal, Vox humped his leg, moaning and whimpering soft and sweet, fingers clutching at Alastor’s calf like it was the only thing grounding him.

“That’s it,” Alastor encouraged. “Good boy. I want to hear you, Vox. I want to see you fall apart.”

Vox shuddered, panting now as he worked his hips against Alastor’s shin, rabbit fast and desperate, like Alastor might take away the offer if he took too long.

Next time, Alastor decided, he might even let Vox put that big mouth to use. But for right now, this was all Alastor needed: Vox debasing himself for Alastor’s pleasure and getting off on it.

Watching Vox, panting and drooling and whining like the pathetic little bitch he was becoming, Alastor felt a stirring in his gut and groin, one almost unfamiliar in its rarity.

Perhaps he might be more interested in this than he’d expected. Already, he was wondering what else he could convince Vox to do with him. What he could convince Vox to let him do to him.

“Look at you,” Alastor murmured. “Such a desperate little slut. Drooling all over yourself, getting your pants filthy with your fluids.” Alastor laughed, low and eager. “*Disgusting*.”

Vox moaned, and shivered again.

“What would your little friends think if they could see you now?” Alastor stroked his screen. “Their fearless leader reduced to this, no better than one of that moth’s whores. How many people have you fooled with your little act? How many people truly believe you to be some dominant and confident demon?”

“Sorry,” Vox gasped. “I’m sorry!”

“For what?”

“Misleading people,” he panted. “Lying! I’m not—I need this—fuck, I n-n-n-nee-eed—” His fingers tightened around Alastor’s leg, and then he began to cry, fat digital tears that became wet when they reached the edge of his screen.

“I know what you need.” Alastor murmured, surprised by how tender his voice sounded, how *doting*. “A pathetic little bitch like you needs permission, don’t you?”

Vox whined. “Yes! P-P-Please!”

“Go ahead,” Alastor purred. “***Come***.”

Vox screamed, hips finally juddering to a halt pressed tight against Alastor’s shin. His speakers crackled with the volume overload, and then his screen turned blue. He slumped against Alastor’s legs, breath coming steady if still a bit quick.

Alastor tilted his screen up and scanned the message typed out across Vox’s face. Messages blaming Alastor for the state of him, mainly.

He chuckled to himself. How cute.

Alastor picked Vox up, and carried him to Alastor’s couch. If Alastor remembered what he’d overheard, Vox would likely still be out of it when he came back around.

His fingers tightened their hold. Vox was totally and completely at his mercy like this. But for his promise not to use their experiment against him, Alastor could kill him right now with hardly any effort at all.

Vox couldn’t stop him, couldn’t defend himself.

What was it that was so compelling about that? The power was part of it, yes, but there was something else. Something more fulfilling than power alone.

If Angel was to be believed, Vox’s screen turning blue like this probably meant they’d gone far enough that he would need looking after for a time.

Alastor sat down and arranged Vox with his legs across his lap, holding him against his side. He summoned a few dolls to bring him water and some snacks.

Vox’s screen came back online as they were returning, but his expression was still dazed, as he’d suspected. He was slow to respond, but he seemed content. He giggled periodically, like something was amusing him.

“There you are, dear,” Alastor murmured, unaccountably fond. “Here, take a drink for me, will you?”

Vox smiled widely and did as he was bid. Water dripped down his shirt, but he didn't seem bothered by it.

Speaking of, Alastor took a moment to clean the stain out of Vox's trousers with a snap. It might be fun to let him leave like that, but Alastor did want him willing to do this again—and they would be doing this again—so it would be better to play it safe for now.

Another time, then.

"Here, eat this." Alastor held up the small plate of—cheese cubes? Well, that *was* a snack, he supposed, though he wasn't positive where they'd come from.

Either way, Vox popped one in his mouth happily enough. "Mm, 's good," he mumbled.

Alastor's smile eased. "I'm glad. You're being very good for me. Thank you."

Vox beamed, contentedly eating a few more. He pressed in even closer, eyes squeezing shut. He wrapped his arms around Alastor's neck, holding on like Alastor intended to send him away.

Alastor stroked his back thoughtlessly, humming to himself as he let his thoughts wander. He'd finished humming a second song before Vox stiffened in his arms.

He pulled back, eyes clear and rapidly gaining an edge of panic. "What the fuck," he muttered mostly to himself.

"Welcome back," Alastor said, tone light. "How are you feeling?"

Vox's face passed rapidly through expressions ranging from pleased to embarrassed to anxious in rapid succession. "I, uh—fuck."

He disentangled himself and stumbled away from the couch, eyes scanning the room, no doubt looking for an exit. Alastor stood and took Vox's wrist.

"I enjoyed myself, and I think you did as well. If you want to do this again sometime, you know where to find me." Alastor squeezed his wrist once before letting go. "Now, this portal will drop you off in front of your tower. That's as close as I can get you."

"That's fine," Vox said too quickly. "I, uh, thanks. For the portal." He grimaced and looked away. "Um. Bye."

He bolted, disappearing through the ring of shadow. Alastor waited until he could feel Vox had set foot on the pavement before vanishing it.

Had anyone ever trusted him enough to go through a portal he hadn't first entered himself?

"He was either desperate or…" Alastor hummed. Power and trust, he realized. That was it. Vox might actually trust him with more than just his life. Although, he didn't seem to have realized that yet.

Well, it would be interesting to see where things went from here, that was certain. This game of theirs was proving to be very diverting already. Well worth the effort of starting it up, he decided.

Maybe next time Alastor would even let Vox touch him.

If he earned it, that is.

Vox paced up and down the bridge to his console, shooting off sparks, screen awash with static. "What the *fuck*," he muttered. "What the fuck was *that*?"

Three days later, and he still couldn't stop thinking about it. How it had felt, how Alastor had acted, how he'd—

It wasn't like he was especially dominant or anything, not naturally, but to be *that* submissive? That couldn't be right, could it? Was he really that pathetic?

Was it just Alastor?

Fuck. What was he supposed to do with this information? It wasn't like he could go back, right?

Fuck, but it had felt so good. Being on his knees for Alastor, grinding against him like he'd implied he should, coming on command, it was all *euphoric*. And then he'd woken up a little delirious, but Alastor had… held him? Fed him?

You're being very good for me.

Vox groaned and covered his face.

If you want to do this again sometime, you know where to find me.

Did he want to do it again? Alastor would certainly humiliate him if he went back. Could he really do all that again? Drop to his knees, crawl on command, obey Alastor's every whim like—like he was some kind of pet?

"Fuck," he hissed. He was hard again. "I'm such a fucking idiot. It's not like—it's not like Alastor would even… He probably just left the door open so he could laugh and—" His console beeped loudly.

Alastor was leaving the hotel.

Vox sat back down, pulling his knees up to his chest. It looked like normal errands, based on the stops Alastor was making. The butcher shop, his tailor, a brief detour through Cannibal Town to visit Rosie… Nothing new there.

Vox relaxed into Alastor's routine. Maybe he could just… run into him on his outing. Casually bring up the possibility of doing it again. It didn't have to be a big deal. It was just sex, right?

Fuck. Of course it wasn't *just*—this was *Alastor*. Vox couldn't do anything casually, not where he was concerned. He couldn't just walk up to him and ask. Alastor would *know*. He'd know how badly Vox was gagging for it, how desperately he watched his every move whenever he left the hotel, how much Vox…

Alastor stepped into an electronics store. Vox sat up, brow furrowed. This wasn't in the routine. Alastor never deigned to step a single foot into anything like Vox's domain.

Alastor was back outside too quickly to not have known exactly what he planned to buy. He walked leisurely for another few minutes before stopping at the mouth of an alley. He looked one way and then the other.

There was no one nearby.

Alastor looked up at the camera. "If you're too shy to come ask me while I'm running errands," he said, eyebrows raised with obvious amusement. "Then maybe this will help." He pulled a small VoxTek camera out of his shopping bag. "I'm going to set this up in my bedroom. I will then leave it on for two hours exactly. I expect you to arrive within that time, or else I'll assume you're truly not interested in continuing."

Alastor put the camera back in his bag. He shot a cheeky smile at Vox. "Don't keep me waiting too long, hm?" He winked, and then disappeared into the shadows.

Vox flushed hot.

Alastor didn't seriously expect him to just do as he was told, did he? He didn't expect Vox to just drop everything and come running like some dog forced to heel? Vox was an Overlord! He was a powerful demon in his own right with tens of thousands of souls under his control.

Vox wasn't Alastor's bitch, no matter how things had gone the last time they—

The camera turned on and instantly connected to the system. Sure enough, it revealed Alastor's bedroom, and Alastor within it. His face was obscured with its usual distortion, but that had never stopped Vox from watching him before.

Alastor gave the camera a little pat, and then… sat down in an arm chair with a book. He was dressed down in his shirtsleeves and vest, his jacket hung up for the evening. He had a glass of something, probably some kind of whiskey, in one hand. He took a sip and turned the page.

There was a small cushion on the floor by his feet.

Vox turned away, heart pounding. "I'm not—I'm not a fucking dog, I'm not going to just go when summoned. I'm not going to sit at his feet like he's my Master. I'm a fucking Overlord! I'm not—"

Alastor turned another page.

The cushion looked comfortable. He probably wouldn't go home with bruised knees this time. Maybe Alastor would pet his head or play with his antennae if he—

Fuck.

Vox groaned. As if he could ignore the open invitation. As if he knew how. He'd never been good at denying himself, and especially not the things he wanted. "You fucking bastard," he grumbled. "So fucking smug. As if you're always fucking right."

Vox disappeared into the data stream and stepped out of Alastor's new camera.

Alastor's eyes lifted, crinkled at the corners, and then returned to his book. "I'm going to finish my drink, and then we can chat about our expectations."

Vox bit his lip.

Well, it wasn't like he didn't know why he was here.

Vox knelt on the cushion by Alastor's feet, letting his hands rest on his knees. Alastor stroked the top of his head, fingers dragging lightly across the plastic, and it felt damningly like praise.

Vox let his eyes shut and leaned closer.

Alastor's fingers circled his antennae; when Vox tilted his head to give Alastor more room, Alastor began to play with them, gentle and easy. His latent radio signal fizzled through the metal, warming Vox from the inside out.

Vox sighed, shoulders slumping as he pressed into those skilled fingers. Why had he been putting this off again? This was wonderful. *Better* than wonderful.

Alastor's glass clinked lightly as it was set down. "Now, then, my dear, how are you feeling?"

Vox lifted his head, blinking slowly. Fuck, was he done with his drink already? "Good." He sighed again. "This's nice."

"I'll bet." Alastor was still playing with his antennae. "I think I'd like to try something new, building off what we've already done." He let go of Vox's antennae and cupped the bottom of his screen. "For as long as we're playing, I'd like you to call me 'sir.'"

Vox bit his lip. Was he willing to go that far? "You promise you won't use it against me?" he asked.

"I promise." Alastor pressed his left hand over his heart. "I will not use anything we do here against you when you leave. Neither what I learn, nor what you do for me."

Alastor had always been a demon of his word. Vox relaxed and nodded once. He could at least give it a try. "Then, yes. Um, I mean, yes, sir."

"Good boy." Alastor resumed playing with his antennae, his signal curling around them in a sweet tease. "I'm half tempted to keep you right here," he admitted. "I rather like this."

"Me, too. It's nice." Vox leaned closer.

"Still, I did have some ideas for how I might play with you today." Alastor smirked down at him. "And I would hate to waste such a golden opportunity."

"What did you have in mind, um, sir?" Vox flushed. It didn't quite feel natural. He'd need to practice using it until it rolled off the tongue.

"All sorts of things, really. But since you're already on your knees for me…" Alastor released his antennae, and traced Vox's mouth, stroking his lower lip until they parted. His first two fingers slid inside, stroking over Vox's tongue and exploring his mouth.

Vox's eyes went wide. The claws were sharp, but Alastor was careful with them, avoiding the softer places in his mouth as he felt around.

"Incredible how much space there is when your head is so flat," Alastor mused. "Very warm, too." He tapped lightly atop Vox's tongue. "Suck."

Vox closed his mouth obediently. It had been a little while since he'd sucked a dick, but even just Alastor's fingers felt as good as he remembered. He licked them, working over them as he would Alastor's dick if he let him.

Alastor thrust his fingers in and out, letting his claws prick against his tongue. As he did, drool began to drip down Vox's face, making a mess of him.

Vox flushed, certain he was glowing neon with his embarrassment, but when he looked up, Alastor's eyes were dark and intent, watching his mouth with avid interest.

"So messy," he cooed. "That's disgusting." But he was still playing with Vox's tongue, and his smile reached his eyes for a change.

Vox might be gross, but Alastor *liked* it.

And Vox… Well, Vox was already hard in his slacks, the kneeling and degradation more than enough to get him going.

"I am going to offer you a choice," Alastor said. "You've been doing very well, and I want to reward that."

"Thank you, sir," Vox struggled to say around his mouthful.

Alastor smirked and held his tongue between his fingers. "You may only have one. Either you may choose to be allowed to come, or I will let you blow me."

Vox froze, eyes wide. He wanted to come, sure, but… Alastor pulled his fingers free, drool connecting them for a moment before it snapped. Vox swallowed, nose wrinkling slightly at how much drool there was.

"Um, sir, you'll really let me get my mouth on you?" Vox asked, sitting up straighter.

"I will. But if that's what you choose, you won't have permission to come." Alastor's smile was devious.

Vox shivered. "Can I come when I go home, sir?"

Alastor's eyebrows rose. "No," he decided. "Not for the rest of the day. And the clock stops when you've woken up tomorrow morning, not at midnight."

Vox bit his lip, but could he really choose anything else? He wanted to come, but… How often would Alastor let him get his mouth on him?

"I want to blow you, sir," he insisted.

Alastor grinned wider. "Really now? Even though I won't let you come? This is the reward you want?"

Vox nodded eagerly. "Please, sir."

"Very well." Alastor gestured. "You may begin. And you may use your hands."

"May I undress you, sir?"

"Only to the extent needed."

Vox unbuttoned his vest and shirt, untucking and pushing the fabric to the side as he opened his pants. Vox wanted more, but he tried to stay within what was strictly necessary.

Alastor's dick was a pretty one, Vox decided as he pulled it out. It was flushed a warm, dark red, and it was almost entirely hard. Vox felt a pleased flush creep up his neck. He'd done that. He'd made Alastor hard.

Vox stroked it thoughtfully, testing out how sensitive Alastor was or wasn't, and was pleased to earn a quiet intake of breath. Vox bent his head and took Alastor into his mouth.

He was heavier than his fingers, hot and swollen, and Vox's eyes nearly crossed. The weight on his tongue, his jaw, was heavenly. Alastor sighed softly above him.

When he opened his eyes, Alastor was looking down at him, taking in everything. His hand brushed across the top of Vox's head again before he resumed playing with Vox's antennae, curling his signal through them until Vox felt like Alastor was in his brain, leaving his mark in a place no one else could ever reach.

Vox moaned, bobbing his head and working his tongue over and under Alastor's cock. Val had stopped asking him to suck his dick—his whores were better at it, apparently—but Vox

had always enjoyed the act. And doing this for Alastor was the best yet.

Alastor's gaze never wavered, watching as he drooled and moaned around his dick, tongue working the underside. Alastor gave a gentle tug on Vox's antennae; Vox cried out, the noise muffled around his cock.

Vox knew with absolute clarity that if they were both alive, Alastor would have taken great pleasure in pulling his hair. He pulled off for a moment and said, "No harder than that, please, sir."

Alastor tweaked them playfully. "But you do like it when I pull on your rabbit ears?"

Vox's screen heated at the implication. "A l-l-little. S-Sir."

He bent his head to resume his work, sucking and bobbing and licking to the best of his ability. Alastor was hard and throbbing beneath his tongue, but he was slow to come. Under the same circumstances, Vox would have long since lost himself to the sensation.

"Someday, I might have you hold me, just like this, in your mouth. Possibly for hours." Alastor brushed his thumb under Vox's lip. "Would you like that?" he asked, voice low and sultry.

Vox moaned, eyes fluttering shut. He pulled back, replacing his mouth with his hand. "Yes, sir. Would you really let me?"

Alastor's eyes flashed. "I do believe I will. You really love doing this, don't you?"

Vox sighed, leaning into Alastor's hand. "So much, sir. It's been ages since I last got to."

"Valentino never makes use of your mouth?" Alastor pushed his thumb into his mouth, stroking it over his tongue. "I find that hard to believe."

"He'd rather I fuck him." Vox shrugged. "He has whores on call to suck his dick, sir."

"Charming." Alastor smirked. "His loss."

When Alastor released his chin, Vox pressed in again, swallowing around Alastor's cock with a low moan. He really did love this. The heaviness on his tongue, the building ache in his jaw, the taste and smell…

Hells, but Vox *loved* this.

"Eyes up here," Alastor said.

Vox looked up. Alastor's expression shifted in a way Vox couldn't quantify, his cheeks flushed and eyes fixed on him. His smile sharpened, a line of red cutting down to his jaw.

Vox fought to keep his eyes open, but it was difficult.

Alastor stroked his antennae, tugging gently again. “Keep going, my dear. And keep those eyes on me.”

Vox shuddered, bobbing his head down, struggling to keep his eyes open as Alastor’s cock hit the back of his throat. Alastor groaned lowly, almost inaudible.

Vox moaned, sucking once before setting a careful and steady rhythm, desperate to see Alastor come undone, aching to feel him spill down his throat.

One of Alastor’s hands slid down the back of his head, claws trailing down the plastic and—fuck—catching on his ports. Vox nearly choked on his cock, tears pricking at his eyes as he shuddered. Vox swallowed thickly, but some of the drool dripped down his chin anyway.

Alastor traced a tantalizing circle around the port, his claw dipping just inside.

Vox forced his eyes back open and looked up at Alastor. Alastor jerked with a soft breath, eyes hooded and cheeks flushed with color. His hand held the corner of his screen carefully as he gasped again and filled Vox’s mouth with his come.

Vox pulled back, holding his cock still as he swallowed as much as he could manage. Alastor’s hips twitched twice before he was still once more.

Vox sat back on his heels and licked his lips. He swiped up some of the come that had dripped down his chin and sucked it off his finger.

Alastor was still watching him, eyes dark. “You are full of surprises, my friend.”

Vox beamed, feeling a little drunk. “Thank you, sir.” Fuck, he was so hard. He fought to hold still now that he wasn’t distracted, but Alastor didn’t want him to come, so he wouldn’t.

Alastor tucked himself away, buttoning his pants again. He left his shirt untucked and open, though, as he held out a hand for Vox. “Come here.”

Vox let Alastor help him up and immediately collapsed onto his lap. “Oh, f-f-fuck,” he laughed. “Oh, my legs are *gone*, sir.”

Alastor snickered, helping rearrange Vox to his satisfaction. “They’re just asleep. You were on your knees a while.” He stroked Vox’s back, smooth and soothing. “Let me get you something to drink. Would you like a snack?”

“Yes, please, sir.”

Alastor scratched lightly at the back of his head before squeezing the back of his neck. “You’ve been very good for me. And you didn’t come.”

“You said I wasn’t allowed, so I didn’t, sir.”

“Very obedient,” Alastor praised.

Vox very obediently drank the water Alastor gave him, and he ate each snack out of Alastor's hand, feeling oddly like he was being spoiled.

He had a feeling he would be embarrassed about it later, but for now… Vox leaned closer and sighed. "This is nice. Can we do this again?"

"Any time you like, my dear. Shall I invite you again within the next week or so? Take the choice away from you?" Alastor offered.

"Yes, sir. Please."

"Then I will. Are there any days when you definitely cannot get away for a couple of hours?" Alastor asked.

"Mondays and Wednesdays are always super busy," Vox said. "Every other day, I think I could manage."

"Very well."

And that was that. Alastor held Vox until he felt like a person again, and then Vox awkwardly extricated himself before saying a hasty goodbye and walking through Alastor's portal and back home.

Fuck. Again, and he wanted to—fuck, of course he wanted to do it again. He hadn't even come, but fuck if Vox didn't feel incredible.

It wasn't like Alastor would know, but Vox still waited until he woke up the next morning to jerk himself off, thoughts tripping over the look on Alastor's face, the lingering ache in his jaw, Alastor's claws catching on his ports.

He'd never come so fast on his own.

"Fuck," Vox groaned.

Alastor raised his eyebrows as he stepped into his bedroom. He'd felt Vox arrive, but he was curious what he might do if left to his own devices for a few minutes, and he couldn't claim now to be disappointed.

Vox was wearing nothing but his briefs and his socks, still held in place by his garters, and he was kneeling on the cushion by Alastor's chair. His hands were resting on his thighs; when Alastor took another step into the room, Vox's screen went neon.

He looked down and fidgeted. "I, um, is this okay, sir?"

And he remembered to call him sir without being asked. Vox might actually be some kind of natural. How long had he wanted something like this? How long had he gone without because that stupid moth didn't realize what he had?

"Perfectly all right, my dear." Alastor closed the distance and pet his head, toying with those cute rabbit ears of Vox's. The slight spark whenever he touched them felt good against his fingertips. "I thought I might tie you up today. What do you think?"

Vox nodded quickly, eyes wide. "Yeah, yes, sir. That sounds hot."

Alastor laughed. "So eager."

He flushed brighter. "I-I-I mean, well—" He squirmed. "Yes, sir."

"And, if you're very good for me, I might let you come today." Alastor tweaked his antennae again. "On the bed for me, my dear."

Vox hopped to his feet and scrambled to obey. Once he was lying down, Alastor sent one tendril of shadow at a time, wrapping around Vox's arms, legs, waist, and looping carefully around his neck.

Vox whimpered, falling limp, eyes fluttering shut. "Sir, please," he gasped.

Alastor chuckled. "Already? I've barely touched you." He snapped the waistband of his briefs, avoiding touching the bulge of his already hard cock.

"I can't help it," Vox complained. "You're—I—" He bit his lip. "Please touch me more, sir?"

Alastor smiled sweetly. "Of course. I plan to." He began stripping absently, basking in the way Vox strained to get a better look. "I've given it some thought since you were here last, and I'm curious about how far your interest in being degraded goes."

Vox sucked in a breath. "I d-d-d-don't like to be—that isn't—um," he trailed off, brow furrowed.

"So, you don't want me to use your body for my pleasure? I intended to mark you all over and claim you for myself, but I could always do something else instead." He stopped unbuttoning his shirt, shooting Vox a curious look.

Vox bit his lip. "Mark me how, sir?"

Alastor smirked and dragged a finger up his shin, pleased to feel him shiver. "I'm going to rub myself off against you. Wherever I feel like. I want to know what every part of you feels like, which parts feel the best."

Vox's screen glitched. "F-F-F-Fu-uck. Yes, please, sir."

"I'd tell you to hold still, but," Alastor patted his thigh, "I will be holding you still regardless. Struggle all you like." He resumed undressing, eyeing Vox's exposed body,

considering where he might like to start.

“I do believe there was something Angel once said about feet. Does that mean anything to you?” Alastor asked. He unclipped Vox’s garters behind his knees and peeled his socks off one by one.

Vox squirmed. “Feet are d-d-definitely a thing for some people.”

“Are you some people?” He dragged a finger from the ankle down the bridge of Vox’s foot. It looked as Alastor’s had when he was still human, aside from the coloration. Five toes, an arch, a heel, and so on. How long had it been since he saw a human foot up close like this?

“I don’t know, sir. I could be.” He bit his lip. “I, um, might like it if you used your feet on me. Sir.”

Alastor hummed. “I’ll make note of that for another time.” Would cloven feet be a hindrance? With Vox, would that even matter?

He chuckled to himself. That would be a question for another time. He dragged his thumb hard and smooth along the sole of one of Vox’s feet.

Vox groaned.

They were so vulnerable, the skin more delicate than it first appeared. No calluses, no bunions. His feet were quite pretty, as it happened. Alastor finished stripping and took himself in hand, already hard.

He rubbed the head of his cock up the sole of Vox’s foot, one and then the other.

Vox shuddered and bucked his hips. “What the fuck?”

Alastor didn’t dislike the sensation, but the thing he kept coming back to was that no one had done this to Vox before. This was a place only he had marked. And Vox would never forget it.

His cock dragged between Vox’s toes; pleasant enough, but nothing compared to the way Vox’s face glitched at the sensation. “F-F-F-Feels we-eird,” he gasped. “Good weird, but we-eird, sir.”

Alastor used his tentacles to pull Vox’s feet together, holding them heel to heel and pad to pad, maneuvering them until he could reach, pressing his cock between the soles.

“Oh, now, this feels rather nice.” Alastor hummed. Not unlike a fist, but smoother, softer. “You have very soft feet, my dear. Delicate.”

“I’m not d-d-d-delica-a-a-ah, fuck,” Vox moaned.

Alastor made sure each foot was smeared with a bit of precome before pulling his legs back apart. He climbed up onto the bed, kneeling between Vox’s spread legs.

His underwear bulged obscenely, and there was a visible wet patch where the head of Vox's dick was trapped. Alastor chuckled as he arranged himself.

"Have you considered panties?" Alastor asked idly. He straddled one of Vox's thighs. "I think something thin and lacy could be fun."

Vox shivered. "I hadn't, but I'm thinking about it now," he muttered. "If you, uh, if you pick them out—" Vox's eyes squeezed shut. "I'll wear pretty much anything you ask me to, sir," he admitted.

Alastor slid a hand up his chest, bracing his weight there. "Maybe I'll pick out a pair in red."

He slid his cock along the crease between Vox's groin and his thigh, narrowly avoiding touching his dick. The skin was soft and sensitive enough that Vox was squirming beneath him again.

"Would you wear them back to your tower? Would you wear them when you aren't with me?" Alastor let his eyes shut for a moment as he rolled his hips.

Vox's face glitched in answer, coming back into clarity more vibrant than before. "Fuck, sir, probably," Vox panted.

Alastor scooted up, straddling his stomach above his hips. He rubbed his cock against his abdomen, pleased to feel the skin jump beneath his touch. He held Vox around his ribs, thumbs rubbing over his nipples.

Vox arched hard enough the tentacles were forced to pull him back down. Alastor added a few tentacles to be safe, laughing as Vox moaned and melted back into the bed.

"Such a good boy." Alastor scooted higher, rocking his hips against his chest, pleased to leave a smudge of precome there. "Being so patient while I use you however I like."

Vox nodded urgently, lips parted.

Alastor grinned, and moved to get his cock above Vox's face. Vox opened his mouth wider, tongue lolling out in invitation.

Alastor dragged the head of his cock down Vox's tongue exactly once. "A taste, since you've been so good. But that's not on the table today, dear, tempting though it is."

Vox whimpered. "Please, sir?"

Alastor rubbed up against his screen, marking his cheeks. "When I have something else in mind for you? Something you might like more?"

Vox's brow furrowed. Alastor added a tentacle to hold his head still when Vox turned to try to get his tongue back in contact with Alastor's cock. "Something I'd like more than blowing you? Sir, I don't know if there *is* anything like that."

“No?” Alastor pulled away and sat down on his chest. “So, you have no interest in me fucking you?”

Vox’s screen went out, a test pattern replacing it. Alastor pressed a hand to his mouth, trying not to laugh. His silly little television always had the best reactions. It made it such a pleasure to bully him. Was there another Sinner in Hell even half as entertaining as Vox was?

Alastor doubted it.

“You really will, sir? You mean it?” Vox asked, eyes wide and face bright when they reappeared.

“If you’re good.”

“I’ll be *so good*. Please fuck me, sir. *Please*,” he begged.

Alastor let himself laugh, warm and delighted. “I do so love to hear you beg, sweetheart. Be patient, hm?”

Alastor scooted to one side and used his tentacles to roll Vox over partway. He paused there, scanning down the new planes of Vox’s body on offer.

“Sir?”

“Just a moment, dear. This position has potential.” Alastor hummed. Certainly very few people would ever think to touch Vox here.

He used his tentacles to make a small space between Vox’s arm and his chest. Alastor pushed his cock into the space, letting the head bump against Vox’s armpit as he pushed it through.

“F-F-F-Fu-uck,” Vox gasped.

The space was warm and smooth; hairless, Alastor realized. He rocked his hips there for a moment, relishing the way Vox shuddered and shook beneath him, panting audibly. Alastor wanted to swallow him whole.

He pulled back reluctantly before laying Vox on his stomach, tentacles propping him up so he could still speak and make all the noises Alastor craved.

Alastor forced Vox’s legs back together before fucking himself between his thighs, far enough down that he wasn’t at risk of touching Vox’s dick or ass. Vox was trembling with the effort to hold still as Alastor took his pleasure from him.

“Very good, darling.” The press of Vox’s thighs felt wonderful around his cock, tight if a little dry. If he did this again, he’d remember to apply lube next time.

“Please, sir, *please*,” Vox panted.

Alastor grinned and slipped a finger underneath the elastic of Vox’s briefs, pulling it up and letting it return with a snap. Vox jumped.

Alastor tore through the leg hole, just enough to make room, before testing the fit, sliding his cock beneath the fabric. Vox made a pathetic, wounded noise, shuddering down to his toes. Alastor pulled his legs a little further apart before pressing in along his crack.

Vox made a garbled sound, more glitch and static than speech, trying to arch backward as though he had any right to move from where Alastor put him.

“Hold still,” Alastor said.

Vox gripped the sheets where his hands were held down, moaning again. “Sir, please, fuck, I need—you’re so—”

When the head of Alastor’s cock dragged over his hole, Vox wailed, hips moving again, too desperate to heed his orders now. Alastor pursed his lips.

“I said,” he murmured, “*hold still*.” Alastor slapped his ass hard, the sound ringing through the room. “Behave. Just a little more, and you’ll have earned your reward.”

Vox shook briefly before falling limp, panting loudly. “Y-Yes, Daddy, I’m sorry. I’ll be good, I promise.”

Alastor blinked. “See that you do,” he said slowly. He kept thrusting between Vox’s cheeks, enjoying the way it felt when he bumped up against Vox’s hole.

Still, all the while… Should he ask? Vox didn’t seem to be in any kind of headspace to answer, though. Not right now, anyway. He’d have to shelve it for later.

“Daddy,” Vox gasped, “you feel so good. Please, can I—have I been good? Can I please have your cock now?”

Alastor shivered, hair standing on end. “You can, sweetheart. You’ve been so good for me.”

Alastor pulled back and tore through his briefs, tossing them aside before using his tentacles to flip Vox back over and bend his spread legs into a better angle.

Vox’s expression was like nothing Alastor had seen from him before. His eyes were wide and guileless, hearts replacing his pupils. His smile was dopey and—fuck, if Alastor had been under any illusions about whether or not Vox trusted him, he wasn’t anymore.

Alastor sent a shadow for some lube, rubbing it briefly onto his cock, before sinking inside Vox at last. He was hot to the touch, the walls clutching at his cock as he rocked his hips. Vox moaned, eyes rolling back.

“Daddy,” he gasped. “It feels so good!”

“Worth waiting for, sweetheart?” Alastor asked grinning down at him.

Vox’s smile was brighter than what Alastor remembered of the sun. “Yes! Harder, Daddy, please! I can take it!”

His rabbit ears bounced as Alastor thrust, again and again. “Like a little bunny,” he murmured.

Vox tightened around him, and his screen brightened.

Alastor grinned sharper. “Do you like that? Do you want to be my little bunny?”

“Y-Yes, Daddy!”

Alastor shuddered, working his hips quickly. He was not going to last long, not at this rate, not with Vox this charming and lovely. Hell, the more he called him Daddy, the more Alastor wanted to spoil him. Vox—Vox trusted him to keep him safe, to care for him, to keep his secrets. Alastor wanted to swallow him whole.

“My sweet little bunny,” Alastor breathed. He wrapped a hand around Vox’s dick, only distantly surprised by how wet it was. “You’ve been so good. Go ahead and come whenever you’re ready.”

Vox wailed as he began to stroke his dick, hips still working as best he could.

When Vox spilled over his hand, wet and sticky, his ass clenched around Alastor as if milking him for all he was worth. With a low groan, Alastor gave a few more thrusts before following suit, filling Vox with his come.

He panted for breath, holding himself over Vox, surprised to see his screen still on.

Vox’s eyes were closed, and he was panting for breath, but his smile split his face. “Thank you, Daddy.”

And before Alastor could reply, Vox’s screen went dark, only to be replaced by a looping image of three Zs at the center of his screen.

“Sound asleep,” Alastor sighed. “What am I going to do with you now?” But he couldn’t muster up any annoyance, too satisfied to do much more than tuck Vox in.

“Have a good nap, Vox.”

Vox yawned, blinking slowly. This… was not his tower. He was in Alastor’s room? He sat up.

“Oh, good,” Alastor said. “You’re awake. How are you feeling?”

Vox was wearing underwear, but not his own. He glanced up at Alastor to ask, but as soon as he saw his face, he remembered. “Oh fuck. I—and I fell asleep—I should go, get out of your hair. I can’t believe I—”

“No,” Alastor said. He shut his book with a snap and stood from his armchair. “You are not leaving until you’ve had something to eat.”

Vox scowled. “What is it with you and your snacks? I’ll be fine. I’m not that hungry.”

Alastor’s smile tightened. “It’s part of the protocol. I know we’ve skipped many of the steps, but this isn’t one I’m willing to ignore.”

“What? What are you talking about?” Vox asked.

Alastor huffed. “I’ve been doing reading on BDSM practices.”

Vox blinked. Reading? He’d been—what—studying? Why? It’s not like he was fucking anyone else right now, so why would he bother?

Unless… He did it for Vox?

No, no, no. It was just his own curiosity. That was all.

“You frequently fall into a state of mind called ‘sub space.’ You go deep enough that, if I didn’t take care of you afterward, you would almost certainly experience ‘sub drop.’” Alastor crossed his arms. “I’ve seen Angel suffer it, and it isn’t something to be trifled with. You will eat with me and drink some water, or I won’t let you leave.”

Vox balked. “You’re trapping me here?”

“Of course not.” Alastor tilted his head. “But if you want to leave that badly, it’s going to be out the front door, in front of everyone. If you eat, I’ll let you teleport with the camera.”

Vox grit his teeth. “Fine, fine. I’ll stay.”

“Excellent.” Alastor’s smile eased. “Your clothes are where you left them, and your socks and garters are tucked into your shoes.”

“And, uh, my underwear?” Vox asked.

Alastor smirked. “Quite ruined, I’m afraid. You’ll simply have to make do with mine until you return home.” He turned to the door. “I’ll go prepare something light. Join me when you’re ready.”

Vox dressed quickly, struggling not to think about Alastor cleaning him off while he was unconscious. Or the many, many places where Alastor had staked his claim, rubbing his scent and his seed into Vox’s skin again and again.

His dick twitched.

As soon as he was dressed, Vox hurried to rejoin Alastor, sitting down at the table as directed. Alastor set a plate with a sandwich on it in front of him, a large glass of water next to it.

“Let me know if you want more to eat,” Alastor insisted.

Vox took a bite. “This is fucking delicious.”

Alastor preened. “I do try.”

When Vox was finished with the sandwich, he started in on his water, letting his stomach settle to see if he was still hungry.

“Now that you’re fed, I did have a question,” Alastor said, uncharacteristically cautious.

“About what?” Vox asked.

“The Daddy thing.” Alastor rested his hands on the table.

Vox froze. Was he seriously asking about this? Fuck, fuck, fuck. Of course he was, this whole… *thing* between them was only happening *because* Alastor was curious.

Vox couldn’t meet his eyes, hands tightening around his water glass. “Look, I don’t know what possessed me to say that, but I—if it grossed you out, I’m sorry. I know it’s weird and off-putting; it—it won’t happen again.”

They had a good thing going, and Vox was ruining it already, like he always fucking did. The best sex he’d ever had, and he might never get to do it again.

Fuck, Alastor was probably disgusted with him.

“Don’t trouble yourself,” Alastor said mildly. “I only asked because I was curious. I have no issue with it.”

Vox doubted that, but it was nice of him to say. He sighed. If Alastor could forego passing judgement, Vox could probably talk about it a little. Even if it was deeply embarrassing. “It’s an older kink of mine,” he admitted. “I haven’t scratched that particular itch in decades. Since I got famous, really. People can be a bit weird about it.”

“You used to call men Daddy during sex then?” Alastor asked. His voice was steady, perfectly calm. Whatever he felt about it, Vox could only guess.

“Only every now and again.” Vox fiddled with his water glass. It had never felt like *that* before. Fuck, but Alastor really didn’t do anything by halves. “And never with the same man twice.”

Alastor hummed. “I see. That’s too bad. You should be able to embrace your kinks, whatever they are.”

Vox narrowed his eyes. “I guess? I haven’t missed it, honestly.” He would probably miss it now, though. Fuck, that had felt good. Even with the awkwardness he felt now, he still felt a little floaty.

Alastor hummed, considering him. “Are there any other kinks you wanted to explore?”

Vox blinked. “You… What?”

“Are there any other kinks that you don’t often get to engage with now that you’re rich and famous?” Alastor’s eyes crinkled like he wanted to laugh. “Do you have any requests? I’ll try anything once, as it happens.”

“I… don’t know,” he admitted. His biggest kink probably was the Daddy thing, but outside of that… Actually, fuck. “No, actually, there is—I mean, if you’re really okay with it?”

“Do tell.” Alastor raised his eyebrows. “And while you talk, did you want another sandwich?”

Vox nodded, flushed beneath his collar. “Yeah, if that’s okay.”

Alastor stood gracefully, took his empty plate, and returned to the kitchen. “Go ahead then. Tell me about this kink.”

Vox took another drink of water to stall. Was he really going to admit to this one? He looked at Alastor over the rim of the glass. When would he ever get a better chance? Was there anyone else in Hell he could actually trust with something like this?

Vox set the cup down and resumed his fidgeting. “I… I don’t actually know if I’ll like it,” he admitted. “I’ve never been able to—well. I’m always *on*, you know? And I…” He let out a breath. “I’m always *looking* or *watching* and… I don’t know. I fantasize about being blindfolded, sometimes.”

Alastor set his plate back down in front of him before retaking his seat. “Blindfolded? Are you made to do anything in these fantasies while you’re helpless?”

Vox looked down at the sandwich, flustered by the feverish hunger that flashed through Alastor’s eyes. “Sometimes. Sometimes I’m just… waiting. For someone to do something, for someone to come get me, for someone to take the blindfold off… I don’t know for sure.”

Alastor folded his hands on the table. “How far do you want to take it? How much do you want to do?”

Vox shrugged. “I’m not sure I’ll even like it, so… I don’t know. Can we play it by ear?” He took a bite of the sandwich. “Maybe keep the time I’m blindfolded short to start, and then… Well, I’d like to come, if that’s on the table.”

“It is.” Alastor leaned on one hand. “Shall we plan for next week, or would you rather it be sooner?”

Vox flushed. “S-Sooner, if that’s okay.” He didn’t want to lose his nerve, and he could at least admit to himself that he was impatient.

Vox ate more, surprised too soon to find that he was out of food again. Too bad. He finished his water. “I should… probably head back?” Part of him wanted to stay, now that the initial panic had passed. Talking to Alastor was nice.

It had been a long time, but Vox had missed it more than he realized.

Alastor stood and opened a portal. Before Vox could do more than stand, Alastor's hand curled around his, firm and unyielding and *warm*. "I'll see you in two days." He squeezed his hand. "Be good for me, Bunny."

Vox's screen glitched. When his hand was free, Vox reluctantly left through the portal, heart pounding. *Fuck*. That wasn't fair. That wasn't fair at all.

Did he really have to wait two days?

Vox stepped out of the data stream. Alastor was waiting in his armchair, Vox's cushion at his feet. Vox knelt with a relieved sigh. He was a little keyed up, anxious about how this might go, but the familiarity of kneeling eased some of that worry.

Alastor would take care of him. It would all work out.

Vox relaxed in stages; when Alastor toyed with his antennae, his eyes fluttered shut.

"Feeling a little more steady, my dear?" Alastor asked.

Vox nodded. "Nervous, but better, sir." Of course he'd noticed. Alastor noticed everything.

"Good. Eyes up here." Alastor's eyes were dark and intent. "Tell me if there's something you don't like, and tell me if you can see."

Vox swallowed thickly. "Yes, sir."

Alastor pulled out a length of thick red ribbon. Vox tilted his head back and let Alastor slowly wind it around his head and over his eyes. After the second layer, Vox couldn't see anything.

After a third pass, Alastor tied it behind his head. "It's only tied in a bow. If you need to take it off, a single tug on the end should remove it promptly."

Vox nodded. Already he felt floaty and hazy. His thoughts swam. "Yes, sir."

"I'll keep you like this for ten minutes to start, okay?"

"Yes, sir."

Alastor pulled his hand away.

Vox froze, panicking gripping his throat. "S-S-S-Sir?"

“Yes, Vox?” Alastor asked. Still seated, still close.

Vox felt a tremble seize through him, shame following quick on its heels. He couldn’t—This was too much, too humiliating. They should just—

“What do you need?” Alastor asked softly.

“You never make a sound when you move,” Vox said quietly, “so I can’t know that you—that you’re still—I don’t know where you are until you speak.”

Alastor was quiet for a moment, but his hand had come to rest on Vox’s head, gentle and thoughtful. After a moment, a frequency curled through his antennae, warm and encompassing, radiating from Alastor. Even when Alastor pulled his hand away, the signal remained.

Alastor took a moment to move through the room, using his shadows based on the speed of his position changes, but at every turn, Vox could tell where Alastor was, and he could feel Alastor’s attention.

The tension left Vox in a rush. “Thank you, sir.”

Alastor chuckled quietly. “There we are. That’s better, isn’t it?” Hands curled around Vox’s elbows as Alastor pulled him to his feet. “I’d like you to lie down for the last of your time, and we’ll discuss extending it afterward.”

Alastor helped Vox onto the bed before stepping away, but again, Vox could feel his signal, letting Vox mentally follow him around the room.

Vox sighed, letting the quiet and the dark settle around him. It was nerve-wracking to lose such a critical sense, especially when there were no nearby electronics to leap into, but… Alastor’s little signal looped around his antennae, almost affectionate, and Vox found himself settling again.

Alastor’s rooms were perfectly safe, and Alastor would never let anything happen to him that he didn’t want.

Fuck, but Vox still—had he ever stopped? Or had it just been buried beneath the rivalry and resentment, only to be unearthed again now? What, a little attention, a little sex, and he was back to following Alastor around like he was his pet?

It was like Vox couldn’t help himself. His heart hadn’t been his own in… fuck, decades, now. What choice did he have but to go right back to how it used to be? Even when they didn’t see eye to eye, Alastor never hurt Vox without some kind of warning, or without Vox himself instigating the fight. And when they were friends, there was nowhere in Hell safer than by his side.

“How are you feeling, sweetheart?” Alastor murmured. He rubbed lightly at his antennae. “Do you want to continue?”

Vox nodded.

“Then I’ll be joining you.” Alastor helped Vox sit up before sliding behind him. He pulled Vox back against his chest and slid his hands around his waist. “Comfy?”

Vox melted against him. Wrapped up in Alastor’s arms with his signal still broadcasting, Vox had never felt so perfect. Fuck Heaven. *This* was paradise.

“*So* comfy, Daddy,” he mumbled. “I never wanna move again.”

Alastor chuckled, the low sound sending a pleasant shiver down Vox’s back. “There’s my Bunny. You’re being so good for me, handling this so well. Now, how about I give you that orgasm I promised you?” One of his hands slid down, opening Vox’s pants and sliding past his underwear.

“Oh? Are you wearing the underwear I lent you?” Alastor plucked at the elastic with an audible hunger. “Did you wear them all day today?”

“Yes, Daddy. I was nervous, so I wanted to feel close to you.” Vox’s hips bucked into his hand.

Alastor let out a soft sigh. “You *are* sweet like this, my dear. It’s incredibly charming.” He curled his fist around Vox’s dick and began to stroke him firmly. “I would give my Bunny just about anything he asked for, I think.”

Vox licked his lips. “Anything?”

“Did you want something else? Something more?” Alastor asked, slowing his hand.

“I wanna—wanna feel you,” Vox insisted. “I want you to come, too, Daddy.”

“That can be arranged,” Alastor murmured. He sank through the shadows, dropping Vox back against the pillows, before reappearing at a different place on the bed, his signal still warm and easy.

Vox could get lost in it; when Alastor draped himself over his chest, he thought he might. “Thank you, Daddy,” he moaned.

Alastor pulled his pants further down, and Vox kicked them off. Vox could feel more movement, and then Alastor’s bare legs were in line with his own. Alastor’s cock was hard as he slid it beside Vox’s own.

He groaned. “Fuck, feels good, Daddy. Thought about this when you were using me. Wanted you to rub here too.”

“Mm, I bet you did, greedy thing.” Alastor began to thrust, slow and easy, hands wandering up and down Vox’s front, taking especial care with the places he’d already marked.

Vox whimpered. “Daddy, please, please, please.”

“Please what?”

He fisted his hands in the sheets, squirming as Alastor continued. "P-P-Please mark me more. I want—I'm—Please let me be yours, Daddy."

Alastor groaned, low and heady. Vox felt it like a bolt of lightning straight to his dick. "You're mine as long as you want to be, little Bunny." He brushed his lips across Vox's neck before unbuttoning the top several buttons and pushing the fabric away.

Alastor bit down lightly on his exposed shoulder, licking and sucking at the spot until Vox was insensible, head spinning and heart racing as he clutched at Alastor's back, claws digging in.

Alastor reached down to wrap his hand around them both, fucking into his fist and against Vox's trapped dick. Vox could hardly bear it. As he came closer and closer to the edge, Vox couldn't seem to control his mouth.

"Daddy, *Alastor*, I—you feel so good. I never thought I'd get—never thought you would want—I missed you so much. I'm sorry I got so mad, but I—I thought you didn't like me anymore, and I—I just wanted to mean something to you, even if we couldn't be friends anymore."

"You do, Vox. You always did." Alastor's voice was soft, thick with some feeling Vox didn't recognize in Alastor. "Friend or foe, you have always meant something to me."

Vox clung harder, tears beginning to fall behind his blindfold. He hooked a leg behind Alastor's knees, holding on as if he might disappear.

"Sir—Daddy—Alastor, I love you, I love you so much, I—"

Alastor's hand curled around the edge of his screen and drew Vox into a kiss, intense and dizzying and perfect. Vox's lips parted beneath Alastor's, and he moaned when their tongues met with a literal spark.

Vox's hand found the back of Alastor's head, holding him close as Alastor devoured him. Alastor's hips kept working, his hand pumping them both with a mostly steady rhythm.

Vox broke the kiss with a gasp, arching as he toppled over the edge, coming with a soft cry. Alastor was quick to follow, their come likely staining Vox's clothes.

Alastor kissed him once more, gentle and sweet, before reaching behind Vox's head to untie the ribbons. He looped them off, around and around, until Vox was blinking blearily up at Alastor.

For a moment, he looked like an angel, glowing and beautiful and—Vox's face flushed and his screen cut out.

By the time he'd finished rebooting, he was lying back against Alastor's chest again, and he and his clothes had been cleaned up and set to rights. Alastor's arms were around his waist, holding in a way that only made Vox feel more secure.

He blinked slowly. "Alastor, please tell me I didn't call you Daddy again."

“You didn’t call me Daddy again,” Alastor lied smoothly.

Vox groaned. “Fuck. I’m sorry. I really didn’t plan on it. I know it’s weird.”

“On the contrary,” Alastor said. “I planned to find some way to make you say it again.”

“What?” Vox tried to pull away so he could face him, but Alastor tightened his grip on his waist.

“I rather enjoy it. As long as it’s because you feel moved to say it, I’d like you to continue.” One of Alastor’s hands stroked Vox’s waist and hip idly. “Did you enjoy being blindfolded, my dear?”

Vox shivered. “You know I did. Fuck, that was a lot hotter than I thought it would be.” He swallowed thickly. He could only do this with Alastor. There was no one else in Hell he trusted, not like this.

If he ever wanted to do this again, he’d have to make sure to keep Alastor’s interest and not creep him out. He had to play it cool.

Whatever it took, he had to have this again.

“We’ll do it again sometime, then,” Alastor agreed idly. A shadow puppet appeared at the bedside with a small plate of cheese and crackers and a glass of water.

Vox accepted both without bothering to question it. “Is there a reason we’re, um,” he trailed off. Somehow, calling it ‘cuddling’ felt too embarrassing. He put cheese on a cracker and put it in his mouth to keep from saying more.

“It’s comfy,” Alastor said. “And it falls into that… after-whatever. It’s protocol.”

“Like the snacks,” Vox said. “Okay.” Vox narrowed his eyes. He’d said something else, hadn’t he? Something embarrassing.

Was there a reason Alastor wasn’t bringing it up?

“You’re worrying about something,” Alastor observed. “You may as well just ask.”

Vox ate another cracker with cheese. He took a small drink of water. Did he really want the answer to this question? Would he be able to relax without it?

“When I was, um. Toward the end there, did I… What else did I say?” Vox winced. Maybe it was better he couldn’t see Alastor’s face like this.

Alastor was quiet for a moment. “You told me that you wanted to mean something to me.”

Vox let out a breath. That wasn’t so bad.

“And that you love me.”

Vox jolted, nearly spilling his water in his haste to sit up and, what, bolt for the door? Where did he plan to go? Was there a fast enough way out?

“Shh,” Alastor mumbled, pulling him back down. “It’s okay. Calm down.”

“It is *not okay*. I know you don’t—I was never going to—I know this isn’t—” Vox’s breath came too quick, too shallow.

“Vox,” Alastor said, low and serious. The signal from before curled around his antennae, soothing in its warmth. “It’s *okay*. If it bothered me, would we be sitting like this?”

Vox shook his head, struggling to slow his breathing.

“Has anyone ever successfully made me do something I didn’t want to do?” Alastor asked.

Vox shook his head again, focusing on the signal, Alastor’s voice, Alastor’s arms holding him tightly. He was safe. Alastor wasn’t angry or disgusted.

“We can keep doing this, then?” Vox asked weakly.

“I intend to.” Alastor relaxed backward again now that Vox wasn’t trying to run away. “There. Now, before I let you go—finish your water at least, my dear—I wanted to ask if you’d like to get dinner later this week.”

“Dinner?” Vox asked. He drank more water. “With me?”

“Yes.” Alastor said. “Just dinner. I feel like we haven’t actually been able to talk since starting this, and I find I miss our conversations of old. I thought it might be nice to go out like we used to.”

Vox flushed. The way they used to had always felt like dates. Just the two of them, an intimate setting, conversation that never slowed or dulled, occasionally a walk afterward, as if Alastor wanted more time together too.

If Vox seriously wanted to stop his feelings getting away from him again, he ought to refuse.

“I’d love to. Friday night?” he suggested.

“That works for me.” Alastor sounded like he was smiling warmly. “I have a place in mind. Not too fancy. Your usual clothes should be fine. Does 8 work for you?”

“Yeah, yes.” Vox blushed, warm and pleased. “I’ll make sure I’m done working by then.”

“Good boy.” Alastor extricated himself and helped Vox to his feet. “I’ll see you then, hm?”

Vox squeezed his hand once, greedily drinking in the warm affection on Alastor’s face. Even if he could only have Alastor as a friend with benefits, even if he got his stupid hopes up again, he couldn’t help himself.

“See you then.” He grinned. “Thanks for indulging me today. You should pick one you’re curious about for next time.” Vox winked. “I’ll try anything once, too, for what it’s worth.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Alastor’s eyes narrowed with interest before he summoned his portal. “Good bye, Vox.”

“Bye.” Vox bit his lip and escaped through the portal.

Alastor knew how he felt, and he wasn’t disgusted! He wasn’t throwing Vox away or shouting at him or renewing their enmity! Vox headed back into Vee Tower feeling a little like he was walking in a lighter gravity.

A date! With Alastor! Could he get any luckier?

Wait—didn’t that mean—were they seriously going to spend time together in public? Fuck, was he going to need to do PR about this? Damage control?

Maybe he should warn Velvette…?

Then again, maybe no one would make anything of it. Overlords got dinner together all the time. It was no big deal. Never mind that they’d been enemies publicly for decades. It would be fine. He’d handle it.

Alastor paced his apartment from end to end, too restless to sit still. He had time yet before his dinner with Vox, and he couldn’t seem to relax.

Every time he thought of Vox, he remembered his plaintive voice, sweet and desperate, saying, ‘Alastor, I love you.’ He pressed his hand over his eyes. And then he’d *kissed him*. Damn it all, he normally thought kissing was gross. What had possessed him?

Why wasn’t it gross with Vox?

Why did he want to do it again?

Alastor pushed both hands through his hair, groaning aloud. He’d been going in circles about it for days, unable to make heads or tails of it. And all the while, he wanted to see Vox again, just to see him.

What was wrong with him?

Luckily, Vox didn’t seem to remember Alastor’s absolute lapse in control, but for some reason that only left Alastor more irritable. If Vox hadn’t panicked so badly about his verbal slip, Alastor probably would have brought it up; not that he knew what he would have said. An apology he didn’t mean? A request to include kissing from now on?

Alastor pressed his head against the wall and groaned again. "Get it together, old man. It's just Vox. It's just dinner. It will be fine."

Alastor pulled out his pocket watch: 7:45 p.m. Fashionably early. He opened a portal and stepped out onto the street outside Vox's tower, content to wait.

Only a few minutes later, Vox hurried outside, cheeks bright with a flush. "I saw you waiting, so I—um, you're here early." Vox scratched his cheek with a rueful grin.

"Indeed," Alastor said. "You didn't need to rush, but I am pleased to see you." He offered an arm. "Shall we?"

Vox bit his lip, but accepted, twining their arms and following Alastor down the street. "Tell ya the truth, I was hoping you'd get here early. I've been looking forward to this all day."

Alastor hummed, ears twitching. "And how has work been treating you lately?"

Vox took the opening gladly, chattering on about his latest innovations, his favorite of the programs they were putting on, minor complaints about his coworkers. Alastor responded in all the right places, drawing out more and more, until Vox was beaming and gesturing broadly as he spoke.

Alastor relaxed.

No matter how much time passed, Vox was still Vox. His face might have changed, but nothing else had, not where it counted anyway.

The host took them directly to their seats when he saw Alastor, an intimate table against a window, tucked back and away from the rest of the patrons.

"This is cozy," Vox observed. "How do you always get tables like this? Whenever I try to make reservations, they always surround me with people." He pursed his lips, petulant.

Alastor laughed. "The difference between fame and infamy, I expect. Best to keep me where the other patrons might not notice. Some people still remember to be afraid of me, you know."

Vox smiled. "I know."

The waiter came by with menus; Alastor ordered a bottle of wine to share.

When he left, Vox let out a soft breath. "I'm glad you invited me out. I… I really missed this."

I missed you so much, he'd said.

"I won't say I have any regrets," Alastor said carefully, "because our time as enemies was entertaining. You gave me quite the run for my money, my dear. But, if you're amenable, I do believe I'd like to resume… friendlier public relations."

Vox perked up, a spark shooting off his antennae. He beamed, eyes bright and eager and too cute for his own good. Alastor wanted to lock him away from the world and keep him all to himself.

"I'd love that. Can we really? It won't cause any problems for you?" Vox bounced slightly in his seat, antennae bouncing in time.

"None at all." Alastor leaned on his hand, eyes going lidded as he gazed at Vox. The restless energy of before was gone, replaced by a lethargic kind of pleasure, slow and sweet like molasses.

The waiter returned to pour their wine, but Alastor couldn't look away from Vox.

Vox straightened suddenly. "I almost forgot! I heard some gossip you'll enjoy!"

"Oh? Do tell," Alastor purred.

But he could barely focus on it, too distracted by the myriad expressions on Vox's handsome face, the bright shock of his laughter in the air between them, the warm fullness of his attention ever fixed on Alastor.

I'm never letting you go, Alastor thought.

And then he faltered, the thought catching up with him. Possessive and proprietary, yes, but also affectionate. Downright doting, even.

Fuck. Alastor looked down, gripping his wine glass a little too hard. *Oh no. Is this—Do I love him?*

He glanced back up.

Vox tilted his head, his smile turning bemused. "Alastor? You okay?"

Alastor wanted very much to kiss him again. "Perfectly fine, my dear. Simply remembered something I need to do later. Terribly sorry about that. You were saying?"

Vox relaxed and continued with his gossip with an easy smile. *I love him. Fuck. I definitely love him*.

Alastor forced himself to remain calm. Vox loved him. He could have this, just so long as he played his cards right. He would need to be careful. Precise. Everything would fall into place, he decided. He'd make sure of it.

Vox was his. Alastor just had to make sure he knew it. Not to mention the rest of Hell. It was about time Vox was taken off the market for good.

Thus resolved, Alastor tuned back in, the conversation flowing as easily as ever.

Their food, when it came, was almost as good as the company, and after dinner, Vox consented to taking a walk with him, letting the evening stretch on and on into the fullness of

night. They parted ways reluctantly, and Alastor was pleased to see Vox's eyes drop to his mouth.

Next time, he promised them both. *I'll kiss you again next time*.

Vox was running late to the Overlord meeting, because of course he was. Fucking Valentino and his fucking temper tantrums. He'd sent Velvette ahead of him, but he was *not* skipping this meeting.

Vox and Alastor had just seen each other recently, but Vox *always* wanted to see him.

He threw the doors open and hurriedly took his seat beside Velvette and across from Alastor. Alastor shot him a smirk, the frequency from before curling sweetly around his antennae in greeting.

"So good of you to join us, Vox," Carmilla said dryly. "Is this everyone then?"

"Valentino will not be joining us, no," Vox agreed.

"Very well." Carmilla turned to the broader room. "There are only a few points of order today, but all of them are important."

Vox kept his expression professional and friendly, fighting not to roll his eyes. When he caught Velvette doing it, he elbowed her lightly.

Most of the points of order had little to do with his own territory, petty squabbles among lesser gangsters in the unclaimed sections of the city were getting out of hand. Valentino would likely sweep through later in his search for more new woe-begotten whores. He made a note to himself to update Val about the areas in question.

"And then, of course, there are the recent supply chain issues," Carmilla continued.

Vox laughed, cool and mocking. "If you're low on supplies, *we* still have a line that hasn't been disrupted by the latest power struggle in Greed." He tilted his head, voice lowering with implicit threat. "Does anyone want to make a deal?"

"Who would ever make a deal with you creeps?" Zeezi laughed raucously. "No one's that stupid."

Vox narrowed his eyes, opening his mouth to counter, when he felt Alastor's eyes on him. He glanced over, and he—his expression was stern, no nonsense. He gave a single shake of his head, and said, "No, Vox. Behave."

"Yes, sir," Vox said quickly, as his knees all but gave out in his hurry to sit back down.

The room fell silent.

“Vox, what the fuck?” Velvette asked.

Vox blinked once, and when he had processed what he said, so had the rest of the room. Everyone spoke at once, demanding answers of him and Velvette and Alastor with increasing volume.

Vox groaned.

“Seriously, V, how long has this been going on? What the fuck was that?”

“Alastor, you *dog*, and you never told me you were courting? How cruel!”

“Alastor, Vox, you both know you must disclose any relationships that could impact our positions as Overlords.”

Vox felt a gentle tug at his attention, that sweet little frequency lifting his gaze. Alastor winked and pointed down. Beneath Vox’s feet was the most inviting portal Alastor had ever summoned for him.

Velvette saw where he was looking and scowled. “Oh, no you don’t, mister,” she snapped.

“I think I’ve said enough for one day,” Vox disagreed. He pushed off his chair, sinking into the portal with a dizzying lurch. He landed on his feet in Alastor’s bedroom.

A moment later, Alastor materialized beside him, laughing brightly with pure amusement.

Vox shoved at his shoulder. “You’re the fucking worst! What did you do that for?”

“I confess, I only wanted to see what you’d do.” Alastor stepped into his space and slid a hand up his chest, fingers dipping beneath his lapel. “You really are a natural, my dear.”

“Did you *want* all of the other Overlords to know we’re—” Vox cut himself off, unsure how to define their relationship. “Because they definitely know now.”

“Eventually, yes. Today really was an accident. I planned to talk to you first.” Alastor shrugged. “I’m nothing if not adaptable, though.”

“Talk to me about what?” Vox frowned.

“The other day, you said you wanted to be mine.” Alastor’s eyes met his. Affection, hunger, certainty, and something else, something Vox hesitated to name. “I’d like you to be, if you’ll still have me.”

“What, like… outside the bedroom?” Vox asked carefully.

“Precisely. I would like to… add to our current relationship.” He stroked the edge of Vox’s screen, his touch gentle and downright reverent. “I want to spend more time with you. I want you to stay longer when we have sex, before and after. I want to kiss you again.”

Vox blinked. “Again?”

Alastor raised his eyebrows, but didn’t elaborate. Vox thought back. There was… It was hazy, like a dream, Vox babbling something embarrassing, and Alastor capturing his lips in a frenzy, kissing him like he’d die if they stopped.

Vox flushed. “That wasn’t a dream?” he whispered.

“It was not.” Alastor’s thumb swept beneath his lower lip. “May I kiss you again? Will you be mine?”

Vox surged forward, bringing their mouths together with clumsy enthusiasm. Alastor rearranged them with a laugh, kissing him with earnest attention. “Yes,” Vox gasped. “Yours, absolutely.”

Alastor licked into his mouth, claiming every square inch until dizzying want surged through Vox, thoughts careening to a halt. “My Bunny,” Alastor murmured against his mouth. “My Vox.”

“Daddy, *please*,” Vox gasped.

Alastor spun them around, tossing Vox lightly onto the bed. “How much time do you have?”

“All night. I’m not going back there until they’ve had time to calm down.” Vox scooted back against the headboard.

“Good,” Alastor decided. With a snap of his fingers, they were both undressed.

“Have you been able to do that the whole time?” Vox demanded.

“Of course. But undressing you is more fun.” Alastor settled between his legs and kissed him again. Vox forgot his feigned outrage almost at once.

Alastor kissed him and kissed him, finally pulling back and stroking his face. “There are a lot of things I want to do to you, Bunny mine.” He tweaked his antennae, a spark connecting them as sweetly as any kiss.

Vox grinned, still short of breath. “Where do you wanna start?”

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